

NANCY WYNNE CHATS ABOUT MANY MATTERS OF SOCIAL INTEREST

She Hears of Various Wedding Plans and the Flittings of Society are Subjects of Conversation—Hostess at Summer Resort Has Nightmare

WELL, you will say, Nancy had a busy and busy week-end with all the tales she has to tell today, but really she stayed right at home and the lovely stories came right to her, and so why share them with others? Of course, the first piece of news I have to tell you, my dears, is not a story, neither perhaps you may smile. The piece of news comes about from the fact that Molly Bally has gone up to York Harbor with her mother and father, and in telling me this the wee bird also remarked that Brewster Koons and Molly are to be married in the fall, and Molly has decided to have her aunt, Dorothea Wood, as maid of honor. The whole Wood contingency spends August each year up at York Harbor, and Dorothea and Mary Wilts are already up there. Mrs. Charles Bally was Miss Lydia Wood, you know, the older sister of an extremely united family. I also understand that the wee kiddies of the Graham Woods and Dicky Woods will act as flowergirls and pages, respectively. So you see it will be a pretty wedding without doubt.

If you would keep your dreams from horrors do not eat cheese voraciously before retiring, especially if you have stayed with you persons who must catch the first train upon Monday morning after a week-end of hilarity at the shore. This very sad thing happened to a young hostess recently. She had in her house party a charming young girl and a most attractive young man, besides several others. And as is the way very often with a very happily married woman, she had unconsciously been thinking up a match between the twain. When she retired she had also on her mind the thought that her guests must catch the early train. So imagine the girl's amusement on coming down ready for breakfast to meet her hostess wild-eyed and emotional, who exclaimed: "Oh, my dear, so you really did wake! Oh, I've had such a time, I've been dreaming, and I thought I heard Mr. — tell his mother that he had come down here with the express purpose of proposing to you and we had never left him alone with you for one minute, and then I had felt so badly about it, and I tried to wake you for the train and you wouldn't; and if I didn't wake up myself!"

The unconscious hero of this sad tale was in the meantime neatly devouring his breakfast in an adjoining room. I wonder if the dream will come true, or if the girl in question took on it as a nightmare on the part of her hostess. You never can tell, you know; and as I have often repeated, it's all in the point of view.

Every one at Narragansett Pier rushed to the tennis courts held at the Point Judith Club on Sunday, when Ward Dawson, of California, and Watson Washburn, of New York, played a wonderful match. Of course, the Philadelphians were there, because Philadelphia loves tennis and seldom misses a match. On the porch of the clubhouse and on the chairs near the courts were the Archibald Thomsons, Marina Gowen, Phil Randolph, Jr., Mrs. Ben Gatins and the Fraser Harrison, who have very lately joined the Philadelphia colony. Polo is also claiming interest at the Pier, which is one of the very busiest and gayest resorts on the New England coast, it seems.

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PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Drexel have issued invitations for a dinner-dance to be given at their Newport Villa, on August 25.

Among the fall weddings will be that of Miss Katherine Verrier, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Verrier, of Wayne, and Mr. Charles W. Daniel, formerly of Richmond, Va. The wedding will take place in November, before Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hill Watkins, of Westport, Pa., left this week to spend the remainder of the summer with Mrs. Watkins' mother and sister, Mrs. Mackay-Smith, at their Virginia Mackay-Smith, at Northeast Harbor, Me.

Mrs. Charles Curtis Harrison, who has been spending the summer at Bedford Springs, has returned to her home on Church road, St. David's.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Thompson, of 1722 Spruce street, who have been occupying for the summer Knobloch, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Albert L. Register, at Ardmore, Pa., today for Laurentian Club, near Quebec, Canada, to spend several weeks.

The marriage of Miss Hilda Margaret Boyd to Mr. Albert Edward Shaw, of Springfield, Mass., will take place at the home of her sister, Mrs. John Cooke Hirst, 1823 Pine street, tomorrow at noon. The wedding will be extremely quiet. Only members of the immediate family will be present. A luncheon will be served after the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Glendinning and their family, of the Squirrel, Chestnut Hill, will leave today for North East Harbor, Me., where they will spend the remainder of the summer. Mr. Glendinning, who has been in the Chestnut Hill Hospital with typhoid fever, has recovered.

Miss Eleanor Harriman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Karl Edwin Harriman, of 117 Lancaster road, left Friday for Rye Beach, N. Y., where she will be the guest of Miss Susan Williams for two weeks.

ALONG THE MAIN LINE

MERION—Miss Ruth Manning Blake, of South Highland avenue, who spent a part of July in East Dorset, Vt., is now in her summer home, Mass., where she will remain all of this month.

ARDMORE—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Maxwell, of 124 Hledy road, left Friday for Nantuxet, Mass., where they will remain until September 1.

GERMANTOWN

Mrs. and Mrs. Alfred Mellor, of 182 West Walnut lane, have returned to Clevelington, Pa., to remain until November.

Mrs. Edward Mellor, Miss Margaret Mellor and Mrs. Mellor's daughter, Signe, are leaving today for Wood Lake, N. Y., where they will spend the remainder of the season. They will return the end of the month.

Mrs. and Mrs. Charles J. Water and

CAPE MAY EXCITED OVER MAID IN SOCKS

"Shark Will Get You if You Don't Watch Out" Is Slogan

CAPE MAY, Aug. 1. She has appeared on the beach in this conservative old town with short skirt, socks and all the rest of it. Of course, every one was in a feverish state of excitement, as there was only one of her. She had better take warning, too, as the long-expected and much-talked-of shark will arrive some day unannounced and great will be the disaster, as all black-legged persons are scorned by him, and he centers his attentions upon just such naughty and daring victims.

However, despite the shark scare, there were crowds of men, women and children in the water at Cape May Sunday. It was probably the biggest week-end for this season, and gay little dinner parties were the order of the day.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. McCall gave a dinner at the New Hotel Cape May, and afterward entertained their friends in the grill room, where dancing took place.

Miss Katherine Hunter had Miss Eleanor Hampton Vermer as her guest over the week-end.

Mr. William McAlister again spent the week-end here with the Harrie Reeds. Mr. Joseph Jennings also spent several days here.

Mr. and Mrs. Hollinshah N. Taylor, Jr., entertained Mrs. Taylor's sister, Miss Christine Hays Stoddard, over the week-end. Captain Charles Longstreth and Miss Eleanor Longstreth entertained at tea on board their yacht on Saturday afternoon.

Miss Nancy Jeffery, who has been visiting her grandmother at Buck Hill Falls, has joined her family here. Mrs. Gilbert Harvery, of Graver's lane, Chestnut Hill, will arrive in a few days to be registered at the Stockton Villa for several weeks.

Mr. Andrew Wheeler, Jr., joined his family at their Beach avenue cottage over the week-end.

Mr. William Platt Pepper has returned to town after spending the week-end at this resort.

Mrs. Samuel J. Levy is spending some time at the New Hotel Cape May.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Potter, Jr., whose marriage took place in June, spent the week-end here with friends. Mrs. Potter was Miss Margaret Yardley.

Mrs. James Nisbett has returned to her home in Ardmore after spending several weeks here. Mrs. Nisbett is the wife of the late James R. L. Nisbett, rector of Christ Church, Chapel on Pine street near Twentieth.

ATLANTIC CITY, Aug. 1. Hundreds of motorists took advantage of the clear weather to run to the shore over the week-end. Many forsook the attractions of the ocean and strand to spend Sunday at the Northfield and Seaview Country Clubs.

Society responded very generously to the benefit given at Keith's Theatre for the soldiers blinded in the French, English and Belgian armies. Anna Held, Tom Wise, Helen Trix and Louise Dresser contributed to the entertainment.

Attractive girls in picturesque costumes sold programs, which netted several hundred dollars for the cause. Among those who assisted were Miss Gladys Murton, Miss Helen Fritz, Miss Cecelia Mink, Miss Helen Mink, Mrs. Florence Scull, Mrs. N. B. Ohmstede, Miss Howard Edwards, Miss O'Meara, Miss Elizabeth Barrett, Mrs. Charles F. Jeffrey, Miss Lucile Metzler, Miss Keenan and Miss Wetherill.

Former Senator Jackson and Mrs. Jackson, of Maryland, have been at the Traymore for a few days and will leave shortly for the New England resorts where they will spend this month, returning here in September.

Mrs. Edward McDowell, with her daughter, Mrs. Frank Ward, is at the Marlborough. Mrs. C. Hazeltine Bashor is occupying her cottage, 128 South Newton avenue. Mrs. Bashor is the mother of Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt.

OCEAN CITY, Aug. 1. Mr. and Mrs. William Alexander and their small daughter, Mary Wendell Alexander, of Haddonfield, have returned to their home from here. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fritz at their cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Christmas and their small daughter, Miss Elizabeth Christmas and Miss Marion Christmas, of Wayne, are spending this month at their apartment on Parkers Place.

Mr. and Mrs. William Pringle and their family, of Wyncoote, are spending the summer here. Miss Helen Pringle is one of the most popular of the younger women. Mr. Pringle will entertain several week-end parties in honor of their daughter during the month.

WILDWOOD, Aug. 1. Last week was ideal for bathing at this resort, and the crowds have been larger than at any other time this season. The summer girl is now in evidence, and many new creations in bathing suit styles are to be seen.

Preparations are being made to hold an "All-American Night" at the Boardwalk on August 17 in which all the secret orders on Five-Mile Beach will take part, and a special musical concert will be given. American selections will be the attraction at the Auditorium.

A chorus of 100 voices is being arranged to sing at the Auditorium on the evening of September 2.

Speaker Champ Clark and Mrs. Clark were among the strollers along the Boardwalk this morning. While Mr. Clark was working on the book he is writing, some of the chapters of which have appeared in one of the leading monthly magazines.

Weddings

GOMBAR—PLACES

A quiet wedding took place at noon on Saturday in St. Simon's Church, Ninth street and Lehigh avenue, Miss Mary P. States, daughter of Mrs. E. States, of Andalusia, became the bride of Mr. Amos R. Gombar, Jr. The bride was attended by Miss M. R. Mellon as maid of honor. Mr. Gombar had as best man his brother, Mr. H. L. Gombar.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Mills. After September 16 Mr. and Mrs. Gombar will be at home at 132 West Sharpneck street, Germantown.

Frankford

The Boy Scouts, Troop 122, of Olney, left Saturday for a two weeks' camping trip to Treasure Island. Among the campers are Edward Yocum, Henry Engle, Samuel Morton, Charles Beck and James Anderson.

Roxborough

Mr. Merrill Walker, of Harrisburg, is the guest of his uncle, Mr. Peter Glaub, of 124 Hipka avenue.

Northeast Philadelphia

Miss Rose Bickelstein, of 1223 North Marshall street, is spending a week at the shore.

Mrs. R. Taylor, of East Allegheny avenue, and G. Strick, of 2114 Chestnut, Miss Thompson, of Washington, D. C., for several weeks.

THE MUCKER

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS Author of the TARZAN and MARS STORIES



CHAPTER XIV—(Continued) THE sun was well up the following morning before the girl awakened, and it was several minutes before she could readjust herself to her strange surroundings. At first she thought that she was alone, but finally she discerned a giant figure standing at the opening which led from their mountain retreat.

It was the mucker, and at sight of him there swept over the girl the terrible peril of his position—escape in a savage mountain of a savage island with the murderer of Billy Mallory, the beast that had kicked the unconscious Theriere in the face, the mucker who had insulted and threatened to strike her. She shuddered at the thought.

And then she recalled the man's other side, and for the life of her she could not tell whether to be frightened of him or not—it all depended upon what mood governed him. It would be best to propitiate him.

She called a pleasant good morning. Byrne turned. She was shocked at the pallor of his haggard face. "Good morning," he said. "How did you sleep?" "Oh, just splendidly, and you?" she replied. "So-so," he answered.

She looked at him searchingly as he approached her. "Why, I don't believe that you have slept at all," she cried. "I didn't feel very sleepy," he replied evasively. "You say you did not sleep?" she asked. "You know you did not," he replied. "The chinks might've been shadowed in—it wasn't safe to sleep," he admitted. "But I'll rest off a few days mornin' after we get a feed of some kind."

"What can we find to eat here?" she asked. "This creek is full of fish," he explained. "I'll show you get a pin I guess we can run up a scheme, and you can get a couple of fish. The girl found a pin that he said would answer very nicely, and with a shoe lace for a line and a big locust as bait, the mucker cast a fishing line into the little mountain torrent. The fish, unwary and hungry thus early in the morning, proved easy prey, and two casts brought forth two splendid specimens.

"I could eat a dozen of dem minnows," announced the mucker, and he cast again and again, until in 20 minutes he had a goodly number of small, shifty trout on the grass beside him. With his pocket knife he cleaned and scaled them; between two rocks he built a fire, and in a twinkling the bodies of his catch, roasted them all.

They had neither salt, nor pepper, nor butter, nor any other thing than the fish; but seemed to get the most of the flavor in the life had she tasted so palatable a meal, nor did it occur to her until the odor of the cooking fish filled her nostrils that no food had been passed to her since the second day before. No wonder that the two ate ravenously, enjoying every mouthful of their repast.

"An' now," said Billy Byrne. "I'll 'elp I'll pump my ear for a few. You kin keep 'em lamps peeled for de chinks, an' de first pump noise you hears, w'y be sure to wake up." With that he rolled over upon his grass, and slept almost in an instant.

The girl, while away the time, explored their rock-bound haven. She found that it had but a single means of ingress, the narrow path which she had taken many times. Beyond the entrance she did not venture, but through it she saw, beneath a wooded slope, and twice gear passed quite close to her, and she saw that it was an ideal spot, one whose beauties appealed to her even under the harrowing conditions which had forced her to seek its refuge. In another lane and with companions of her own kind she could well imagine the joy of a fortnight spent in such a sylvan paradise.

She thought of another—how long would the mucker remain a safe companion? She seemed to be continually falling from the frying pan into the fire. With returning strength, and the knowledge of the station in life with whom she would have felt safe in spending a fortnight alone upon a savage, uncivilized island!

She glanced at the man where he lay stretched in dreamy slumber. What a huge fellow he was! Yet his very size; yes, and the latent brutality she feared, were her only salivation against coping with the man. He was physically a natural protector, for he was able to cope with odds and danger that an ordinary man would find since have succumbed to. So she wondered if she were both safer and less safe because the mucker was her companion!

Swiftly she ran to Byrne, shaking him roughly by the shoulder. "Some one is coming," she cried in response to his sleepy query. CHAPTER XV. A Voluntary Fugitive. APPROACHED the girl and the mucker approached the entrance to the amphitheater. From behind a shoulder of rock they peered down into the forest below them.

For several minutes neither saw any cause for alarm. "I guess you must've been seel'n things," said Byrne dryly. "Yes," said the girl, "and I see them again. Look! Quick! Down there—the right!" Byrne looked in the direction she indicated.

"Chinks," he commented. "Gee, look at 'em comin'! Dere must be a hundred of 'em!" "I turned a rueful glance back into the amphitheater. "I dunno as dis place looks as good to me as it did," he remarked. "Those yaws de trees an' de bushes make it like up on top o' dese cliffs an' make it a canny chance by carriages to Calvary for ours in about two shakes."

"I'm afraid it's a regular cut-de-sac," he said. "I dunno nothin' about dat," replied the mucker; "but I do know dat if we wants to get out o' here, we gotta getta him up on ourselves good an' lively. Come ahead, an' with his words he ran quickly through the entrance, and, turning squarely toward the hollow, cut at the time they had chosen the enemy had been hidden in a clump of thick brush far down the slope. For hours the two fugitives continued their mad race, until they had reached a ridge and downward toward another valley, until by a small brook they paused to rest, hopeful that they had entirely eluded their pursuers.

Again Byrne fished, and again they sat together at a one-course meal. As they ate, the man found himself looking at the girl more and more often. For several days the wonder of her beauty had been growing upon him, until now he found it difficult to take his eyes from her. Thrice she surprised him in the act of starting intently at her, and each time he had dropped his eyes guiltily.

At length the girl became nervous, and then frightened—was it coming so soon? "I suppose she's talked but little during this meal, and for the life of her Barbara Harding could think of no topic with which to distract his attention with his thoughts. "Hurry, we better be moving on!" she asked at last.

Byrne gave a little start as though surprised in some questionable act. "This ain't no place to spend the night—it's too open. We gotta find a sort o' hiding place, if we can, dat a fellow kin close up wit' some o' de trees."

Again they took up their seemingly hopeless march—an aimless wandering in search of they knew not what. Away from the mucker's side she went many times more terrible. Barbara's heart was heavy, for again she feared and mistrusted the mucker.

They followed the little brook down to where it emptied into a river, and then down the valley beside the river which grew wider and more turbulent with every mile. Well past mid-afternoon they came opposite a small, rocky island, and as Byrne's eyes fell upon it, he uttered with satisfaction: "Jest de place!" he cried. "We orter be able to hide dere forever."

"But how are we to get there?" asked the girl, looking fearfully at the turbulent river. "I ain't depp," Byrne assured her. "Come ahead! I'll carry yer across," and without waiting for a reply he gathered her in his arms and started down the bank. They went down the valley beside the river which grew wider and more turbulent with every mile. Well past mid-afternoon they came opposite a small, rocky island, and as Byrne's eyes fell upon it, he uttered with satisfaction: "Jest de place!" he cried. "We orter be able to hide dere forever."

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